

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### THE VOICES OF THE SEA.

Along the shell-wreathed, shining strand,  
The old and young went to and fro;  
The sinking sun filled all the land  
With evening's rich and ruddy glow.  
The hot clouds in the amber west  
Lit up the sea-kissed shingly bars,  
And weary ones who longed for rest  
Waited the dawning of the stars.

There came the murmur of the sea  
Along the soft sands of the shore;  
Twas laden with deep mystery,  
And music strange was in its roar.  
And, as the voices of its waves  
Were borne upon the listening ears,  
They sang alike of songs and graves,  
Of sunny hearts and sacred tears.

There passed a little blue-eyed boy,  
As sank the sun on ocean's brim;  
Naught but the sound of endless joy  
Across the red waves came to him.  
For his bright fancy chased the sun  
O'er seas of emerald and gold;  
And the sweet life he had begun,  
Its first fair scenes had now unrolled.

With merry heart a maiden came,  
The shining, sunlit sands along,  
To her the sea bore one dear name  
Amidst the burden of its song:  
And the ten thousand glittering  
That stretched along the sunlit bay,  
Seemed messengers on golden wings  
From her true loved one far away.

There came a man of full fourscore  
Into the twilight all alone,  
To him the sea broke on the shore,  
With solemn wail and sullen moan;  
The voices of the bygone years  
Came faintly on the sea refrain;  
Yet when he called, mid rising tears,  
On friends, they answered not again.

Still sank the sun. Then rose the stars,  
And looked down on the gray shore;  
Still solemnly the moaning bars  
Waived low their music as of yore.  
And some with and eyes met the night,  
To pass its watches all forlorn;  
And some there slept mid visions bright  
Till dawned the fragrant, rosy morn.

## STORY TELLER.

### A CONSPICUOUS OPPORTUNITY.

"Why don't I get married?"  
"I wonder if there is any process of law or condition of ethics that can protect me from that question?"—and Miss Margaret Winthrop turned sharply around and looked at her brother-in-law as if for a reply.

Dr. Ainslee looked up from his paper with an expression that evinced a certain enjoyment of the chase, rather than a sympathy with the pursued, and answered:

"Yes, there is one means of escape."  
"And that is to get married, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

Miss Winthrop was not soothed by the suggestion. She regarded it as an unwholesome state of civilization in which a woman with a handsome income and a natural bias toward contentment could not pursue her own course without being headed off at every turn with that imbecile query. Among her friends she was spoken of as eccentric, a woman who unfortunately had ideas, and, possessing inestimable advantages had signally failed to make any use of them. This failure was all the more conspicuous from the fact that in her first season she had promised much. She had allowed brilliant opportunities to slip through her fingers one by one until she had brought the reproach of spinsterhood upon a family that within the memory of man had married its daughters young and well, for anything the world knew to the contrary, happily. She was 28 to-day.

This was the view taken of the situation by her friends. Miss Winthrop regarded it from a different point of observation. She knew many things that the world could not know concerning the alleged felicity of various members of her family, past and present, who had married early and "well." Then there was the inevitable entail of care and suffering. Why any sane woman should fly precipitately into the consequences of marriage when she had the benefit of other people's experiences as a warning was something Miss Winthrop had never understood and did not seek to explain. She had all a woman's horror of being called an "old maid," tho' the immunities of spinsterhood were at times alluring. It had never been her deliberate intention to join the ranks of the belated sisterhood. Of course she intended to marry at some time, but why be in haste? Did not every married woman of her acquaintance admit that courtship was the most delightful part of all, and that anticipations of post-nuptial felicity were not apt to resolve themselves into an unsatisfactory anticlimax? Of course no well-regulated woman wanted to be an old maid, but conceive the want of foresight in

the woman who married her first lover, thus putting it out of her power to enjoy again the delightful experience of courtship, when by rejecting him she could go on indefinitely with fresh subjects and under an infinite variety of conditions.

She that love and runs away  
Will live to love another day,

was Miss Winthrop's motto; that marriage was like death a thing to be deferred as long as possible and accepted finally as a heroic remedy for something worse was her philosophy. Being 28 to-day she felt that the time had come for heroic measures. She did not look a day more than 20. Her hair was the same soft tint of brown that it had always been; her cheek had a firmness of contour and a delicate blush upon it that might have belonged to a girl of 17; the beauty which had made her conspicuous as a debutante gave no signs of approaching deterioration, but what did all this amount to when everybody knew she was 28, and attested with exasperating indecency that she was "remarkably well preserved."

She could not possibly put it off much longer, and yet she felt a certain shrinking from her destiny—as the hand of a suicide might recoil from the instrument—as she began to review mentally the opportunities remaining to her.

"Money is no object," she exclaimed at last. "I want freedom, and the only condition compatible with perfect freedom, widowhood. Unfortunately we can't be born widows, and the odds against being left a widow without incumbrance are infinity to one. If there was only some way of making a woman a widow by an act of congress or a decree of court! It's shocking to think of the risks a woman must run to attain that seventh heaven of independence. I believe I will advertise for a consumptive, and agree to nurse him tenderly thro' the remnant of his existence, if he will oblige himself to die within a given time."

Mrs. Ainslee, her sister, and her senior by two years, turned toward her the face of shocked and outraged widowhood.

But Mrs. Ainslee, to the indiscretion of marrying young, had added the folly of spoiling her husband, and Miss Winthrop expected this silent protest from her.

"If you want something of that sort," said the doctor, laying aside his paper, "it is not worth while to advertise. I have a patient on hand that will exactly fill the bill."

"Tell me about him," she said with sudden enthusiasm.

"He is not a consumptive," continued the doctor. "He is even a more hopeless case than that. He may die at any moment; he can't possibly live longer than a few months, and is as sorely in need of competent nursing as any poor devil I ever saw. He has no friends there, tho' he was born and raised in this place. I tried to get him into the hospital, but it is crowded, and there has been so much sickness this season that I could not get a nurse for him, tho' I've been looking for one ever since he came. He was a classmate of mine at college, but he went away, and I have not seen him since he graduated until I was called to attend him several days ago. He was a splendid fellow then, but he is a total wreck now. The worst of it is that the fellow doesn't want to get well. I don't know what has happened to him since he left here, but whatever it is it has crushed him utterly. He seems to have money enough for every thing he wants; the only trouble is, he can't get a nurse for love or money."

The doctor had forgotten what started his recital; he was thinking only of his friend, wondering what could have subdued a jovial and naturally a buoyant fellow so completely, when he was suddenly called to order by Miss Winthrop.

"You are positively certain that he can not recover?" she asked.

"In the natural course of events, he can not. He might be restored by a miracle."

"And can only live a few months at best?"

"I should say five or six months at most."

"This," said Miss Winthrop, with perfect gravity, "is the one opportunity of a life-time. It would be like flying in the face of Providence not to accept it."

"It looks rather pointed," replied the doctor. "It does not often happen that a woman while indulging a whim can at the same time do an act

that may be counted unto her for righteousness."

"If I were to talk like that I should expect something to happen to me," said Mrs. Ainslee, shocked at her sister and surprised by this unusually flippant behavior on the part of her husband.

Perhaps out of regard for Mrs. Ainslee's abnormally sensitive sympathy the discussion rested here, but the subject was not forgotten. Miss Winthrop pondered it in secret and ultimately evolved a purpose.

John Hemingway had been crushed by no catastrophe. He had simply been uniformly unlucky. A series of unprofitable speculations, each considerable in itself, had melted his once ample fortune to a meager income barely sufficient for his needs. The strenuous effort to retrieve it in a climate unsuited to him had sapped his vitality and sent him back, broken in health and spirit, to die within sight of his ancestral roof, but not beneath its shelter. His parents were dead, the other members of his family had gone away; the only familiar face he had seen since his return was that of Tom Ainslee, his college friend. He was quartered in hired lodgings, and they were as bleak and dismal as such places generally are. In the room where he lay there was a faded Brussels carpet, an armchair out at elbows, a haircloth sofa, a bed, and some other essential articles, in keeping with those already mentioned. The room was hot, and the street below was noisy. He lay there listlessly, looking at the stunted maples, with leaves all covered with dust, whose tops just reached the open window by his bed, yearning for one breath of pure, fresh air, one hour of perfect quiet. But there would never be anything else but this until it was all over; he would never leave this room until he left the world. He turned wearily away from the window and covered his eyes with his hand.

There was a knock at the door, and he responded feebly, "come in." It was too early for the doctor; it might be his landlady, who sometimes came in to see if he needed anything, and to give him his medicine. He heard the rustle of drapery, and smelled a faint, sweet odor. He lifted his hand from his eyes and beheld a vision. A fair, slender woman, clad in soft white mull that seemed to make the room several degrees cooler, was standing by the bed. She wore a bunch of heliotrope in her belt, whose fragrance seemed like a blessed breath from that faraway nook he had been longing for only a moment before; from under the fluff, feathery polk bonnet fell a slightly curling fringe of bright brown hair, and a pair of large violet eyes beamed on him with a sweet compassion.

He was an unpromising subject, truly; his face was sharp and shallow, and a beard about a week old added much to his haggardness. He must be very tall, for he seemed to stretch away from her indefinitely, as she stood there at the bed's head, and he was thin to emaciation.

"This is Mr. Hemingway," she said at last.

"It was once," he answered wearily. "I am Miss Margaret Winthrop," she continued. "I am Dr. Ainslee's sister-in-law. I believe you are his patient?"

"Yes; Tom and I are old friends, and I remember your father very well. Won't you be seated?" he asked, suddenly remembering his position as host.

She drew up the shabby arm-chair and sat down by the bed. It was not so easy to begin as she had imagined.

"He will take me for a lunatic or an assassin with designs upon imaginary wealth," she thought as she sat there revolving her cold-blooded scheme and wishing she had deliberated upon it more fully before taking this step. But it was too late to go back now. What plausible excuse could she give for having come there unattended? He would tell Tom, of course, that she had been there. Tom would tell Annie, who would look unutterable things and lecture her for a week. He had evidently suffered much; he was lying there so miserable and helpless; it seemed that she had never appreciated the inhumanity of the whole proceeding until now. But she was a woman of resolution. She had satisfied herself that the arrangement would be one of mutual advantage. The only question in her mind was how to begin.

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you to come," he said, breaking the somewhat protracted silence.

"Thoughtful, but not kind, perhaps," she replied, with nice discrimination. "Tom was telling us

to-day how uncomfortable you were here, and how ill. I understood from him that you did not have proper attention, and—that you—could not get well, and I came with a purpose."

He looked up gratefully, and she could not have felt more guilty or contemptible if she had stabbed him with a knife and received in return his dying benediction. But she had the courage of desperation and she kept on. She told him her plan, which was, briefly, to marry him and attend him carefully for the trifling remnant of his existence, in return for which he was to bestow upon her the inestimable privileges of widowhood.

It was not so bluntly stated, of course, and was accompanied by many whys and wherefores intended to modify to some extent what she considered the fiendish conception and the indecible execution of the plot.

It was of no consequence whatever to Hemingway that she desired his demise; was even figuring upon it at that moment with pleasurable anticipations of a time when it would have cast about her a mantle of unimpeachable dignity and permanent security from social persecutions. She was fitted into that dingy chair, illuminating the whole room and filling it with the exquisite odor of heliotrope. To such a presence, a man may forgive much.

There was but one thought in his mind after he was assured that it was not an illusion which had come to torture him with malicious contrast. "Her friends would certainly object."

She assured him with strict veracity that it was her own affair entirely and rested with herself.

When it all came out, Annie was shocked beyond anything. She had always known that "Meg" would do something disgraceful, but she was not prepared for this. To deliberately propose to a man and then coolly sit down with the eyes of the whole community upon her and wait for him to die—it was too much.

The doctor was secretly in sympathy with what he called the Mutual Benefit Association, and the result of all this was an immediate and quiet wedding, at which the groom did not wear the "regulation black."

Any unpleasant gossip that might have followed the event was neatly averted by a story industriously circulated by Tom Ainslee to the effect that Hemingway was really an old lover of "Meg's," and some mysterious hints of a romantic story in the background, that he could tell if he felt so disposed.

A week later, when Ainslee came for his usual afternoon visit to the invalid, Meg called him aside and hesitatingly inquired whether he thought it he would hurt the patient to be moved.

"Um-m, no; I don't think it would hurt him to be moved: in fact, I am sure it would not: but I would suggest that you are in danger of defeating your own purpose. If you nurse him too well, you know, he might recover, and that, under the circumstances, would fall little short of disaster."

"Don't be brutal, Tom," she said. "This place is infernally dismal, and he may as well be comfortable for the little time that is left."

She took a cottage in the suburbs near the river, with plenty of space around it and windows that looked out upon an expanse of shining water and far blue rims of hills. It was June; about the verandas and windows hung a mass of clinging roses that filled the place with fragrance, and into the airy front-room, with its wide windows and its distant glimpses of river and green hills beyond, went the invalid's bed.

All day long the fresh breeze from the river, laden with the odor of roses, parted the fleecy drapery of the windows and blew softly upon his face. Everywhere reigned the delicious quiet his tortured nerves needed above all things; the grateful absence of the sounds of wheels and other urban noises that had fretted his soul with their din—the only echo of these that reached him now was the daily pilgrimage of Tom Ainslee's buggy. Near him, sat "Meg" in her soft white dress and her flowers, with the soft light on her brown hair, and a softer light in her great violet eyes; surroundings which certainly invited an interest in terrestrial things, and, as the weeks passed by, John Hemingway, a man of honor and sensitive conscience, began to be troubled with a misgiving—a misgiving that after all he was not going to fulfill his part of the contract.

He felt that for the first time in his life he was about to go squarely back on an obligation. He had entered into a deliberate contract to die within a given time; and what amends could he make for his ungenerous recovery? It would be but a poor return for her assiduous attention and tender ministrations. She could not have been more sweetly careful of his comfort if she had "loved with a love that was more than a love," in return for which he was about to inflict upon her a permanent and unmitigated disappointment. In vain he assured himself that had he even dreamed of a possible recovery he would never have allowed her to take such a risk. This could not possibly alleviate her disappointment nor excuse his perfidy.

He was thinking of these things one day as he lay with his face turned inward looking at Meg, whose eyes had wandered from the book in her hand to the hills beyond the river. She brought them back presently, and they rested for a moment on the face among the pillows. The disfiguring beard had been removed and the face was certainly fuller than when she had first seen it. She supplied an imaginary roundness of contour and decided that nothing but health was needed to make him a very handsome man.

"John, your face is certainly getting fuller, suppose after all you should get well?"

This sentence, inspired by a tender interest, had somehow a heartless ring when uttered.

"It would certainly be an ungrateful return for all your kindness, but I am afraid I am getting better," he said apologetically. "In fact, Tom intimated to-day that I might recover."

Meg also had a misgiving. She had thought a good deal about the possibility of his recovery, and wondered whether it would make much difference to him. Whether John Hemingway, restored to health and no longer in need of nursing, might not wish himself a single man again; whether there might not be in all the lands he had traversed some one he would have preferred if he could have had his choice and know that he was going to live, and there was nothing reassuring in his remark that he was "afraid he was getting better."

"Don't you want to get well, John?" she asked, sadly, trying to scan his face in the deepening twilight.

"It is not the thing to do under the circumstances," he answered plaintively. After a moment's silence he reached down for the hand that was resting on his counterpane and asked, tremulously:

"Would you be—very much disappointed if I should get well?"

In an instant she was kneeling by the bed, with her arms around him, her moist lashes brushing his face.

"John," she said, "if you don't get well I'll be the wretchedest widow that ever sobbed above the wreck of bliss."

"Tho' a man were dead yet shall he live, at such solicitation," said John, as his arms enclosed her with a pressure that argued retreating vitality. They were not the arms of a man lying at death's door, indifferent to the possibilities of the world beyond him.

## Eggs.

There is nothing more strengthening and nourishing than eggs as an article of diet, and farmers ought to indulge in the luxury of eating them. Not infrequently the eggs are saved up and sold when not as much nutriment as they are sold for. Four eggs contain more nutriment than a pound of beefsteak, and will give more strength, and a person will not tire of egg diet as quickly as he will of fresh meat. They never distress the partaker, and if properly cooked can be eaten with perfect safety. For an invalid there is nothing more wholesome than a raw egg beaten up with a little sugar and stirred into a glass of milk, and taken before breakfast gives strength and health. Boiled eggs are more wholesome than fried ones, and egg sandwiches are a splendid dish, taken either hot or cold, and especially suited for lunch or picnics. Omelets, poached eggs or boiled eggs cut in slices and a cream gravy poured over them, are splendid substitutes for meat at breakfast. Custards and puddings are good changes in the bill of fare, and much better than pies for hot weather, and eggs are an important item in their manufacture.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Personal Cleanliness.

Bathing is conservative of health, but all persons don't find it so. A cold plunge bath is by no means a panacea for all human ills, as some seem to think. An occasional wash from head to foot in winter, and bathing frequently in summer, may be considered among the valuable agencies for promoting health. But I have known delicate people to be injured instead of being benefitted by cold bathing. For most persons a wet sponge passed rapidly over the surface and followed soon by friction with a rough towel is bath enough for health purposes. When a cold bath is not followed by a good surface glow, it is doing more harm than good.

## Science and Industry.

The United States, it is said, is now the second copper producing country in the world.

Mr. Drummer J. Adams, a mechanic, of Kittery, Me., claims to have discovered a process by which he welds copper as perfectly and securely as iron.

A boating man has invented a rowing car in which he can row races around a room upon tracks. It is said that the contest can be made very exciting.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The latest use devised for paper is the making carpets. A Connecticut man is reported to have taken out patents for processes by which beautiful and substantial carpets can be made of paper at very low prices.—*Hartford Post.*

At the meeting of the Academy of Science in St. Louis, a few days ago, there was exhibited a specimen of natural coke taken from a mine of lignitic coal in Utah. The coke had been made, it is stated, by volcanic action, two volumes of volcanic rocks having passed directly through the mine.

Base-ball making is becoming a very large and remunerative industry. Last year over 5,000,000 balls were manufactured in this country, and as the makers have a larger number of orders than ever before, it is estimated that 7,000,000 base balls will be in use the coming season.—*Chicago Herald.*

An apparatus designed to ascertain the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of a room has been devised by a German. A plain, thin rubber vessel, shaped like a narrow-necked gourd, is filled with the atmosphere of the room and discharged into a cylindrical jar filled with common lime water. This operation is repeated until a marked change is produced in the lime water. The degrees of such changes being well known, the comparative condition of the air in the room is denoted closely enough for all ordinary practical purposes.

It is related that a Professor of Botany in a Boston school was recently taken into a conservatory where the most of the flowers and shrubs were artificial, and asked if he thought there were any bogus flowers there. After making a hasty examination, without touching them, he pronounced them all genuine except one. The facts were that this one was natural, and those that he pronounced such perfect specimens were all made of paper and wire. So perfect were some of the paper specimens that when they were placed beside the natural one the latter could not be distinguished from the other.—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. C. Menelas, a cotton exporter at Savannah and a large planter in Mississippi, who has experimented for several years in the cultivation of tea, expresses the opinion that this industry will in time become so extensive as to do away almost entirely with the importation of teas. He says the greatest trouble in tea culture in this country is not its growth but its manufacture. The various processes of steaming, firing, assorting and fanning employed in the tea-growing countries will have to be learned by experience, and when this is accomplished there will be nothing to prevent the preparation of a tea as fine as the finest from China or Japan.—*N. Y. Times.*

In the ruins of Pompeii the remains of a man with a satisfied smile on his face and four jacks grasped in his dried up hand have been unearthed. The workmen are now digging away vigorously for the other fellow, to see what he held.

## Unselfishness.

During the height of the Crimean war two men were carried into the military hospital—one evidently at the point of death, the other in hardly better case. The stronger of the two, on being asked by one of the nurses what she could do for him, replied, quietly: "Oh, I'm well enough; just look after my poor comrade there; neither bite nor sup has he had for these three days." The nurse accordingly hurried to the side of the dying man, holding out to him a cup of wine and water. With trembling hands the poor fellow grasped it, and was about to relieve his intolerable thirst by draining the refreshing draught, when he suddenly stopped: "There was a friend of mine came in with me. He's fearful bad, and this would do him a lot of good. Find him, will you, and give it to him." He knew not, for the dimness of death was in his eyes, that his comrade lay in the next bed. They are still laying side by side in the burying ground of Scutari.

## A Change of Scene.

Anderson Trainer is an old man, and he has not many years left to spend on earth. He has been in Leadville but a few months. He came here from Virginia City, Nev., to see if he could not once more prevail on the fates to smile on him. He was at one time worth his hundreds of thousands, and was in a fair way to be as rich as Mackay. His mining investments all came out profitably and it seemed as if everything he touched turned into gold. He grew reckless with his good fortune and got to making wild investments, because he thought he could not lose. At last he tempted fate too far, and he met with reverses. This made him desperate instead of checking him in his wild speculations. One day he made a big stock deal and lost heavily. He finally got to gambling, and by a succession of bad luck and bad management he found himself after awhile as poor as when he began life as a miner. Since his arrival in Leadville he has been talking of his lost fortune and looking for an opening where he might retrieve his lost thousands; but he is too far gone. The poor old fellow is penniless, old, and growing decrepit, but he still likes to talk of the days when he could draw a check for thousands and have it honored on presentation. He can now be seen around the saloons, where he likes to tell a crowd of listening admirers of what he was and what he had years ago.—*Leadville (Col.) Democrat.*

## Nelson's One Arm.

It is related of Lord Nelson that he was very proud of the loss of his one arm in battle. He always wore one coat-sleeve hanging empty. On a certain occasion he observed a little girl with her eyes fixed upon the sleeve, and said to her: "Look at it well, and then you will always remember me by my one arm." Nelson's pride was not in his disfigurement, of course, but in the badge of his bravery in his country's service. If men may properly boast of the scars of battle, why may they not also feel a pride in sacrificing health and strength by useful service in peaceful daily life?—*Golden Argosy.*

## Misplaced Benevolence.

A one-legged man stood in a dark doorway on Clark street, last evening. He leaned heavily on his crutches, and he looked weary and discouraged as he gazed at the passing people. Presently a tall man, with long hair and a benevolent eye, halted near by, and observed him pityingly.

"There, my friend, is twenty-five cents for you," said the tall man, patronizingly, as he pulled a coin out of his pocket and held it toward the one-legged man with something of a flourish.

"What's it for?" inquired the despondent cripple, in a tone of surprise.

"It will buy you a supper," said the tall man grandly. "Promise me you'll not spend it for drink."

"Kind of you, I'm sure," murmured the weary one-legged man. "Call here in the morning and hand it to the cashier or one of the clerks."

"Why, are you not—," stammered the tall man.

"No, I'm not begging this evening," said the cripple, quietly. "I am trying to figure out what rents to charge the tenants of this block of buildings next year."—*Chicago News.*



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One of the most difficult things to attain in journalism is absolute correctness and truth of statement both in spirit and in word. A correspondent writing of an occurrence is naturally apt to give his impressions in words which do not exactly suit the sympathies and understanding of every one else who witnessed it. He looks at the matter from his own standpoint, without regard to the biased considerations of others. He may make mistakes of judgment and errors as to facts, without intending to misrepresent. A slight deviation here, or an oversight there, is sure to bring forth a fierce eruption of "honest indignation," and a total condemnation of all that he has written. Some people are apt to allow two words of error to blind them to two hundred words of truth. A man's morals must be in a very bad condition who attributes malice and sinister motives to all who differ with him. Yet such is the view that is sometimes taken when a discrepancy is discovered in a printed communication. We are afraid that some of our readers are inclined to be a little too severe and uncharitable towards the writers who fail to record every happening with a precision that approximates perfection. Some may look beyond their own blunders to count up the mistakes of their fellows, and argue that each error they find is deserving of censure. Errors of judgment are to be deplored, but we should condemn only errors of intent. To denounce indiscriminately mistakes that were probably caused by oversight or ill-judgment, is the climax of injustice and imposition. It is time to call a halt in such habits. Let us remember that only He who came on earth to bless and save was free from error. Let us cherish in our hearts only good will and charity towards those who either purposely or unwittingly do us any injustice, and let us always remember that—

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

DECORATION DAY is each year becoming more generally observed. This year was marked by great parades, subdued enthusiasm, stirring orations, and an almost universal display of reverence and pride for the soldiers who fought and died in the dark days of war. The illustrated papers print pathetic scenes in connection with the visit of the veterans to the battlefields of Virginia. What a contrast there is between the scenes of peace that mark Chancellorsville to-day and the dreadful carnage of twenty years ago.

Where erst the fields were strewed with dead, The grass was growing fresh and green, And waving wheat, north springtide's sun, Billowed and gleamed in verdant sheen. In all that view, so calm, so sweet, Scarce any marks of strife were seen, Save toward the south, where sleep the dead Beneath their everet of green.

On each recurring Decoration Day, the blue and the gray alike are remembered. Forgotten is all the strife and wrongs and differences, and North and South clasp hands and bow in sorrow o'er the graves of the Nation's heroic dead. May the beautiful custom of strewing flowers over their graves never decline, but may each year find these symbols of love and immortality shedding their fragrance round about where friends and foes in peace together rest beneath a common sod.

VACATION is fast approaching, and in a few short weeks pupils and teachers will enjoy a respite from the wearisome and monotonous labors that characterize the motions and the duties of a school. Fortunate it is for both that this much needed period of rest and relaxation is sanctioned and allowed. If it could be extended to the departments of industry, every one would be the gainer. We know how much a two-months' respite from toil and worry would be appreciated by many who will never be able to stretch their listless length beneath the shade trees in sultry July and still more sultry August.

# ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that interest deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Ed. Left started for Chicago on Tuesday. He expects to return to Gotham in about two years.

On Trinity Sunday, June 8th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to hold services for deaf-mutes in Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y.

William Herron, a deaf-mute of Canada, walked from Terrebonne to Montreal, a distance of twenty-two miles, on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th.

Mr. John W. Pratt, who has just returned from a two weeks' visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., has secured a good position with the Sackett Manufacturing Company, at Wallingford, Ct.

Mr. George A. Simpson gave one of his mystifying entertainments in the chapel of the American Deaf and Dumb Asylum last evening, to a large and evidently appreciative audience.—*Hartford Post*, May 31.

Philip Smith left Chicago for Indianapolis, a week ago, in search of work. If he fails, he intends going east. He is a stone carver by trade. He wishes to learn the address of R. M. Patterson, of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Hattie M. Martin, of Boston, who was separated from her husband for about a year, is again living with him in furnished rooms at No. 7 Cambridge Street, Boston. J. M. T. Davis and wife are at the same place.

On Whitman Day, at 10:30 A. M. services in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., the Bishop of Fond du Lac ordained to the priesthood Rev. Anson T. Colt, who has been appointed a missionary by the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Dr. Gellie, of Paris, has found that twenty to twenty-five per cent of children hear only within a limited range. This may account for the curious phenomenon that if your boy happens to be out on the sidewalk he will not hear you call him, although persons a block off will turn to see what the trouble is.

Elias Johnson, a well known resident of Kerkonkson, formerly of New Paltz, died on Saturday morning after an illness of about one week. The deceased, as well as his wife, who survives him, was deaf and dumb. He was aged about fifty-six years, and his death from inflammation of the lungs was the result of a heavy cold.—*New Paltz Independent*, May 23, 1884.

Robert M. Patterson, a deaf-mute of Brooklyn, is foreman of the bricklayers on the building now being erected at the corner of 31st Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City. Bricklaying is one of the best paying trades that deaf-mutes can work at, yet with one exception the writer believes Mr. P. the only mute that is working at that trade in the Empire State.

Little Maudie, the only child of our mute friends, Geo. Hayes and wife, died last Tuesday night, after a lingering illness of scarlet fever and diphtheria. Maudie was a bright, pretty child, three years of age, and, unlike her father and mother, could both speak and hear. Her loss is a sad blow to the loving parents whose home is thus left desolate.—*Kalamazoo Herald*, May 24.

Henry Miller, a deaf mute living at Cornell Hollow, this town, is suffering from a complication of disgusting, skin-corroding disease, from the effects of which, his life is despaired of. He has acquired a good education at the expense of the State and is a tailor by trade. We understand the poor master of that district is giving him good medical attendance.—*Gibson*, N. Y., *Monitor* May 29.

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet is emphatically a progressive man. More than any other that we know, he is a believer that the art of teaching the deaf is yet in its infancy. In enthusiasm and devotion he rivals his illustrious father, Harvey P. Peet was a man of decidedly objective cast of mind; all his opinions were based on solid facts; all his statements and arguments were delivered with the irresistible momentum of accumulated knowledge and undeniable truth. He was not given to abstract theorizing. To him Utopia was a myth; he had no yearnings after the infinite or strivings after the unattainable. Isaac is as decidedly subjective—given to evolving theories from his inner consciousness. He is apt to give much weight to the results of abstract cogitations as well as to the inexorable logic of facts. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Harvey Peet would dig his well, dig it deep and invariably find what he was after; Isaac covers the land with innumerable prospect holes. Sometimes this prospecting develops rich mines of truth, and sometimes it don't. However, no man can be progressive and conservative at the same time without being nothing at all. We venture to prophesy that when the obituary of Isaac Lewis Peet is written—and may that be some decades in the twentieth century—it will be written that no man has labored more earnestly and effectively than he in the cause to which he has devoted his life.—*Boston Globe*, May 26.

Deaf, Dumb and Drunk. "William F. Palmer," called the clerk of the Municipal Court. No William coming up to answer, he called again, and then the constable repeated it with no better effect. By this time it was learned that William was deaf and dumb, and could not hear the summons of the law. They beckoned to him, and he came up to the rail and wrote, "I was drunk," on a slip of paper and handed it to the clerk. Then he turned to Judge Forsaith, threw his head back, opened his mouth and went through a pantomime of drinking. After he had done this he drew his hand sharply across his windpipe, as much as to say, "You may cut my throat if I do it again." The court understood him, and he went back to the pit bearing his fine written on a slip of paper.—*Boston Globe*, May 26.

Marrying a Deaf and Dumb Man. A very singular marriage was one which took place at Leicester, in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, between Thomas Flisby, a deaf and dumb man, and Ursula Bridget, a hearing and talkative spinster. As the prayer-book required that the promises of marriage should be exchanged in spoken words, the clergy and civil authorities of Leicester were unable to say how this deaf and dumb man could be satisfactorily married. In their perplexity they appealed to the Bishop of London, who, with the help of another member of the clergy, devised a marriage service by signs. The bride made her promises in the usual manner, and the groom did his part thus: "Having first embraced Ursula with his arms, he took her by the hand and put the nuptial ring on her finger. He then laid his right hand significantly upon his heart, and afterward, putting their palms together, extended both his hands Heaven. Having thus sued for Divine blessing, he declared his purpose to dwell with Ursula till death should separate them, by closing his eyelids with his fingers, digging the earth with his feet, as though he wished to dig a hole in the ground, and then moving his arms and body as though he was tolling a funeral bell.

Three children of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, of New York City, are down with the measles.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain conducted a service for deaf-mutes at Christ Church, in Springfield, Mass., before a goodly number of people, on the evening of Decoration Day. The mutes will give him a hearty welcome when he comes again.

Mr. Frank Crossman, of Thomastown, Ct., is revisiting his old friends in Springfield, Mass., where he passed his boyhood and was employed at the United States Army during the Civil War. He is a guest of Mr. Lewis S. Ingraham. His wife, whose death occurred at Thomastown, last March, was a frequent visitor to Springfield, and made many friends by her genial face and gentle bearing. In fact, she is very much missed by all.

## MARRIED.

BUNNELL-WILSON.—On Wednesday afternoon, at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. William E. Bunnell and Miss Hattie E. Wilson, graduates of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Hartford, Conn.

## FROM MINNESOTA.

All things are on the forward march, preparing for the closing day, June 10th, and the Principal's Convention on July 9th. Prof. Myers is kept quite busy, preparing for these two events, and he will more than have earned his rest when School closes and the convention is past.

Our Matron, Miss Hale, is seen busy every day looking to her house, and the whole will have had a thorough brushing up by July 9th.

Our main building is really new, and looks as neat and cozy as it did when it got the last touch of the painter's brush—four years ago. So it is the wings that will need a feather pulled out here and there to have a becoming look.

Our grounds and lawns seem to be improving in appearance every day under the hand of our Landscape Gardener, Mr. Pherrason. The roads have been all trimmed up, flower vases set out all along the east side, and a new foundation has been ordered, which will be put in position opposite the main building on the east, when it gets here.

Twelve graduates will step out in the world from our halls this year—seven boys and five girls. Their motto is "No pains, no gains," on which C. L. Washburn, one of the graduates, will deliver an essay. Some of the essays will be "Stepping Stones," "Water," "The Seasons," "J. A. Garfield," and a "Mother's Influence." Twelve is a very large number to leave at once, but we predict for them a life of usefulness, if they are as faithful to their trusts in the world as they have been to their duties at school.

Mr. Barr has resigned his place here as teacher, and with Mrs. Barr will visit during the summer. They intend to take a swing around the lakes from Duluth to Chicago, stopping at all the important cities on the route early in the fall, Mr. B.— expects to be in Davenport, Iowa, to go into business with his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr have made many friends during their short stay in Faribault, who will regret their departure, but wish them success and a pleasant future in their new home.

Miss Franklin will spend the summer in Minneapolis, with her friends Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean. Miss Wickton will visit with her friends in Illinois, and be the guest of the Pas-a-Pas Club, of Chicago, on July 5th.

Miss Etta McWhorter expects to attend the Convention of Articulators in New York, and will go from there to Pittsburg to visit old friends. We would not attend a convention where an incidental person like Prof. Greenberger is a chief factor—but suppose it is none of our business to preach to others.

Miss Axtell will go home to Kalamazoo, Michigan, as soon as school closes, and we are no further informed of where to find her.

Mr. Wing will stay at home in Faribault, and hoe a little cabbage; then go to the National Convention of teachers at Madison, Wis. Mr. Tuck may do ditto; but we saw him say something about Chicago the other day, that gave us the idea he might be there some time during the summer.

Supervisor Gage will stay here till after the Principals' Convention, then go west to try and find the man that hit Billy Patterson.

Mr. Kelly will rusticate during the summer.

We have not got much base ball fun here, but the few games we do have are exciting and full of interest. The Shattuck College boys, who have always had the best nine in Faribault, are beginning to succumb to the town club, assisted by Barr, Gage, Kelly, and Gunderson, of our school. The first game we played this spring, Gage got hit on the eye while catching. The knock stunned him; so it was all the Shattuck's game after that—17 to 10 was the score. Gage got hit in the 4th inning, and the score was 1 to 0 in favor of the Shattucks.

Last week, we crossed bats with the Shattuck nine again, and beat them 5 to 3. The score was a tie in the 8th inning, but a home run by Gunderson, and a three bagger by Barr and Kelly in the 9th inning, utterly demoralized the college boys.

We acknowledge, with thanks, an invitation from the Pas-a-Pas Club, of Chicago, to their picnic, July 5th. We are still wondering if we can be there.

We want to thank "Harry Fielding" for the able manner in which he has furnished his reading matter with the "College Chronicle" in the Journal the past year, also offer congratulations on his exit from Old Kendall. Hope it won't be the last of your pen we will have the pleasure to trace, Harry.

# COLUMBUS.

## TEACHERS' MEETING.

## THE PICNIC.

## VAGARIES.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The office bulletin last week called for a meeting of the teachers on Tuesday evening at 6:30 o'clock in the library. The full corps were present with the exception of Mr. Haskins, absent at the dying bed of his father. Opened with prayer by the Rev. Benjamin Talbot, the meeting then proceeded to business, and Superintendent Pratt began his remarks by saying, although he had no data of his own knowledge by which to compare the present school year's work with former years, yet he felt encouraged to receive from his subordinates assurances of better success in the progress of education since the system of graded class work was inaugurated last fall. It is believed that the right trail has been struck, and we are making toward perfection. The next term will see the ranks of our corps draw up more closely, and move on with greater precision. We should have but one aim, a common object—success. The subject of class examinations was next taken up. There were good grounds for objection to the exercises lasting so long a time as two weeks. The Superintendent unfolded his plan of conducting the same, which took well, on account of its feasibility and saving of time. By drafting the off-duty teachers into service, the examination exercises would occupy but four and a half days, though this would require seven hours and a half labor a day for each teacher. The next consideration was in respect to picnic matters, after which the meeting adjourned, to meet again next Tuesday evening, when the full details of the examination work will be laid before them.

Immediately after the adjournment, the Committee on Games, on the occasion of the annual *fete*, met and completed their appointment of Judges. Superintendent Pratt was *non est* either in or around the Institution last Monday week. He was gone to Xenia on the Young Men's Christian Association business.

News of a painful accident to the wife of our late Steward, Mr. Wakefield, has been received from Worthington, O. She was descending the stairs. Imagining she had reached the last step, she overstepped and fell, receiving a severe injury in her side, some say a rib was broken. We trust later intelligence may make the accident appear not so serious.

The Institution contributed its share in the observance of the Nation's Memorial Day, by a dismissal of the school in the afternoon and in the decoration line of an exquisitely beautiful cross of white flowers.

Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" was quite an attraction here last Friday and Saturday. A number of our pupils and a few of the teachers attended the exhibition.

The week passed without Prof. Haskins' return. He writes that the injury of his father are well-nigh numbered.

The June examination of our school will begin on Wednesday, the 11th, and conclude on Monday, 16th.

There was no school on Thursday last. It was our Picnic Day, opening pleasant, cool and bright. At nine o'clock the children marched on Washington Avenue to Long Street, and boarding the nine or ten cars in wait for them rode a good mile to the Fair grounds, where the woods echoed the pattering of a thousand sandals all day. A good programme of games and amusements having been mapped out, the girls' took place in the forenoon, as follows.

A croquet contest, won by Miss Moore, who received the prize, a croquet set; roller skating, won by Miss Lavitz, as the most graceful, and Miss Parish, as the swiftest, each of whom were presented with a pair of roller-skates. The one hundred feet dash, Miss Biggam secured the prize, a fan. The rope-jumping race was won by Miss Bucheberger, of Cincinnati, a handkerchief. Ball throwing by Miss Ray got her the ball prize. The boys' part of the programme came in the afternoon. Hop, skip and jump—a book rewarded Master Friday; running jump, a knife to same. Standing-jump, handkerchief to Gillespie. 100 yards Dash, 2 classes, straw hat each to L. Miller and Rurban. Ball throwing, 2 classes, ball each, L. Miller and Bergfrier. Battering, 2 classes, bat each, Friday and —. Wheel-barrow race, blind folded, 12 tablets, won by the elder Woolley. Gladiators, neck-tie each, L. Miller and Rurban. Three-legged race, book each, to Oxley and Keener.

Sack race, book, L. Miller. All-fours race, neck-tie, to Waliowski. Tug of war, lead pencil each, names too numerous to mention. One mile race, free race, knife worth a good dollar, was won by the right pupil of the right name—Swift. All in all considered, it was a most successful picnic, wherein everybody tried to please every one else.

## AN ENQUIRER ANSWERED.

Base Ball Editor, Ohio State Journal: LANCASTER, O., May 26.—Please state through the columns of your paper whether any member or members of the Columbus Base Ball Club were re-

sidents of your city prior to their engagement by that club, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER. Dundon was the only resident of Columbus, and he is fast gaining the reputation of being one of the best general players in the Association.—*Columbus Journal*.

The Prospect, O., *Monitor*, of May 24th, has the following:

## CORONER'S VERDICT.

"The following is the Coroner's verdict in the case of inquest on the body of Mrs. Mary Jane Grigsby, who was killed by an engine near the depot at this place two weeks ago.

"That the deceased came to her death from being struck by Engine No. 62, on the track of the C. H. V. & J. R. R., at the point where South street crosses said railroad in the village of Prospect, County of Marion, State of Ohio. The engine running at a high rate of speed at the time it struck the body of deceased, said Railroad Company being responsible for the accident, for permitting their trains to run at such rate of speed over said crossing.

(Signed) Dr. McMURRAY, Coroner.

It is said that the husband, Mr. Harrison Grigsby, and oldest son, will bring an action for \$15,000 damages against the Railroad Company.

The Columbus-Allegheny game at Pittsburgh resulted in favor of the former, two successive days, by a score of 5 to 0, twice told.

One of our small boys had a very narrow escape from being knocked down and run over by a horse, which was racing around at the Fair grounds on Picnic day.

Friday afternoon, while two clubs were playing a match game on the Institution grounds, a hot liner struck one of our small boys in the neck, stunning him so badly that he had to be carried to the hospital.

Columbus met a Waterloo defeat on Decoration day at Washington and Baltimore, being beaten at the former by 10 to 1, and at the latter, 10 to 3.

Dundon pitched at the Washington game, and a telegram was sent home from there accounting their defeat to his weak pitching. But how it was looked upon by the city papers here we call the following:

It is evident that Dundon is a little out of practice, but then all pitchers have "off days," and so do the players.—*Dispatch*.

Ten base hits are pretty rough, but eleven errors beats it. Kuehne and Dundon are the only ones that played without errors.—*Journal*.

If Dundon was supported better he would pitch a much better game. It seems almost impossible for the club to give him good support.—*Sunday News*.

A great many people are disgusted at the support given Dundon by Columbus, and not without cause. Had there been less errors yesterday morning, the defeat would have been more creditable. If the boys won't support Dundon, he had better be released, such treatment is a great injustice to a good and conscientious player.—*Journal*.

Like a pin in a haystack, has been Mr. Jacob H. Snider in Columbus. It was only the other day, we found out he has been in the city working at a book-binding on High street since last fall.

Columbus recovered itself in the second game with Baltimore last Saturday afternoon, skimming the victory by a score of 15 to 12, and thereby securing the fourth place in the association at the end of the week.

Prof. Stewart placed his carriage at the disposal of Miss Thompson last Saturday afternoon, and drove over to Worthington, O., to make a call on Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield. Mrs. W. is doing very well, the first report of the extent of her injury received by a fall down a step having been exaggerated.

A load of furniture confirmed the report of a change of residence. Mr. J. O. Pier removed from Oak Street, last Saturday evening, to Marion Street, east of Washington Ave. between Broad and Long Streets.

Miss Frost, teacher, sojourned in Cincinnati last week with her brother-in-law, Dr. Williams, who went there to attend the Druggists Convention.

The school time schedule for the next term will be: Breakfast for pupils, 6:30; teachers, 7:00; chapel, 8:00; school sessions, from 8:15 to 10:15, 10:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. and 2:00 to 4:00. Dinner, at 12:45. We think it will prove an improvement upon the old.

Mr. Stewart occupied the chapel stage last Sunday forenoon, for Mr. Terrell who was unable to preach, on account of his health.

Miss Noyes called in the A. and B. division study room two or three times an evening last week. She wanted to bid her pupil Anthony Jennings goodbye, whose father has taken him away to Kansas.

A. G. Dowland, the cloth cutter, will return to his old place probably this week.

Parr is the name of the new hostler here. He will be able to parry any kick the horses may give him.

It was an interesting scene at the Second Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning. Three of our girls joined the church, two were baptized. Superintendent Pratt interpreting. Mr. Cliffe Rose, son of our matron, has also become a member of the church.

The following is an extract from a private letter dated May 25th, received by us last Monday, the 2d, from our old friend and beloved superintendent, Chas. Strong Perry, now at Santa Barbara, Cal: "Old friend!—If I don't call in the

aid of electricity in acknowledging your greeting of several days since, your thoughtfulness is none the less appreciated by us. And I may avail myself of this delay to report the continued convalescence of the proud mother who sat up all forenoon to-day; also the growing weight and importance of the 'heir,' who is pronounced on all hands to be a most promising infant. In fact his ma is talking of entering him at the forthcoming 'baby show.' \* \* \* "It would give me the sincerest pleasure to look in upon your little circle now and then. You know that in the hurry and confusion of closing an Institution I failed to see your new home before leaving, as I had hoped to do, tho' I remember the house very well and I do not see how you could be more pleasantly and conveniently situated. As for ourselves, we are daily growing to feel more at home in the quiet and beautiful valley." \* \* \* "Food tastes better, and sleep is sweeter. Life seems worth more in every way. After a term of years spent in health gaining and the improvement of our little homestead, I may resume my loved work of teaching the deaf or the hearing, but have laid no plans to 'gang ayle.' \* \* \* "Mr. and Mrs. J. M. P. we see almost daily; father and mother Park less often, as they live down by the beach; though their cottage is in full sight from our south windows. Neighbor Reaves is no longer a "tender-foot" and is likely to make the most of his well stocked fruit ranch."

NUMBER NINETY-ONE.

## Trenton School.

Decoration Day was observed here in a manner similar to many another witnessed by us while dwelling within a certain stately edifice on the banks of the Hudson. At nine in the morning, the pupils assembled in the chapel where, after prayers, a procession of bonnie wee lassies marched in laden with white flowers, which their fairy hands strewed over the mound representing a grave placed on the platform. Prof. Jenkins and Lloyd, then related anecdotes of those brave men who sacrificed all the endearing ties of home and friendship for love of honor and freedom. After which Prof. Lloyd, delivered in graceful, eloquent signs, that well known beautiful and pathetic hymn "Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er."

When they were dismissed and allowed to follow their own resources for the rest of the day, which they did with a zest we are inclined to think was worthy of a better cause.

A social-reunion in the evening crowned their day's enjoyment. Mosquitos have come, and in every instance where a smiling welcome is attempted, we mark a deplorable failure.

The sudden, unexpected sight of Miss Myra L. Barrager, of Fanwood, coming up the terrace towards us while out upon the lawn Saturday afternoon, had almost the effect of an electric shock upon us, and set our pulses vibrating with a thousand sensations of mixed surprise and pleasure at again seeing her in those sadly unfrequented wilds.

Steward Wright has gone to Chicago, to attend the Republican Convention.

Harry Stoner escorted two friends and former school associates over the building and grounds, Sunday, with a proud satisfied air.

Misses Nelson and Knabe, of the Philadelphia Institution, were among the visitors at the school on the 28th ult.

Misses Barrager and Dillingham took dinner with Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd Sunday.

Miss S. C. Howard was among the throng of spectators who went into rapture over the parade of the Seventh Regiment in New York, on Decoration Day.

Mrs. Ervin, passed a few days, last week, with Philadelphia friends.

Vacation and examination are the constant themes just now.

## RHEA.

June 2, 1884.

## Special Notice to Members of the National Deaf-Mute Convention.

The proceedings of the last National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in New York City, in August, 1883, have been published in pamphlet form, ready to be distributed by mail. Members desiring a copy can obtain one from the undersigned by giving their addresses, and enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

Per Order of President. HARRY WHITE, Cor. Sec'y, N. D. M. C.

## St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

### BULLETIN No. 13.

May 4th, Jas Ryer,	\$2.65
" " Mrs. H. Simons,	2.30
" " John Wigschaff,	2.00
" 11th, T. F. Dineen,	2.00
" 15th, A. M. L. of Baltimore,	2.10
" " Henry Ashby,	2.00
" 18th, Miss Dora Abel,	4.00
" " Edward L. Graham,	5.25
" 27th, Miss E. V. Reed,	8.25
" " John Clark,	3.25

The Fund now amounts to \$713. CLEMENT R. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

## A Happy Time.

About forty deaf-mutes assembled at the residence of Mr. Gottschalg on East Maple street last Saturday night, the occasion being a lawn party given by the daughters. There were about thirty from Chicago and several from other places. They had a band and a dance, and enjoyed themselves hugely. Fingers and hands were constantly in motion, and those who looked on say the scene was a very animated one.—*Joliet, Ill., Record*, May 23.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SMALL-POX is epidemic at Ashland, Pa.

A CREMATORY will be built in New York.

The public debt decrease for May was \$4,769,000.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### The Sunday School Excursion.

### DECORATION DAY.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The Ephphatha Sunday School held its annual excursion, on Thursday afternoon last, on the United States dispatch boat Tallapoosa which was kindly furnished the party by Secretary Chandler, the vessel being the same used on the last excursion two years ago. The pupils of the Primary Department, and all but six of the students, together with the Professors and their families, participated. The trip was a pleasant one, and if the coolness of the weather which necessitated the taking along of extra wraps and overcoats be not regarded as an inconvenience, nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the day.

The boat left the wharf at the navy yard at 1:30 p.m., and after a delightful ride of twenty miles down the river, stopped at Marshall Hall, where the entire party disembarked and enjoyed an hour's ramble about the picturesque place. A most laughable incident occurred at this point, and, as it entailed no serious consequences, furnished an agreeable fund for conversation for the rest of the trip. Freshman McCarthy, the hero of the adventure, seems to have thought himself in a very botanist's paradise, for he was seen ambling about from plant to plant, and wearing a cheerful smile all through the hour, and with characteristic savant's luck he also managed to "get left," for when all the rest of the picnicers had returned to the boat, and the vessel had cast off her moorings and was about to slow away, somebody discovered him some two hundred feet from the bank, on his hands and knees before what seemed to be a rare plant, glowing at his feet, with all his rapt botanist's soul sitting in his specs. Every body of course shouted, and waved handkerchiefs and the like to attract his attention, and when our botanist realized his predicament, he began to act like a cat in a strange garret, shuffling hither and thither and seemingly undecided whether to clear the fifty feet between the boat and the pier in a single flying leap, or to run inland and hide himself. A boatman, however, took it upon himself to play the role of the good Samaritan, and stowing Mike away in a skiff, skulled to the boat and restored him to the arms of verdant brother Freshmen. Every body, including McCarthy himself, hugely enjoyed the incident, and not a few witticisms were made at the expense of the prodigal, some one sagely suggesting that it would be well to get a cow's bell, or something of the kind wherewith to adorn him in the future. It is needless to say that Mike rejected the proposition with all the indignation a Freshman's soul could well be capable of.

Stops were also made at Forts Washington and Poote, and but few of the picnicers failed to inspect these places, and to look for and find such mementoes of their visit as flattened rifle balls and bullets. The ride home was also enlivened by dancing, an old salt furnishing the necessary accompaniment by twanging away on a guitar, and as for the dancers, they were willing to believe his instrument as musical as was Apollo's lute. The inquisitively and naively inclined also overlooked the vessel from stem to stern, and the officers and men showed that though Uncle Sam's navy might be small, the jolly tars who manned it had big hearts. Refreshments consisting of lemonade, cake and sandwiches were distributed by the Miss Gordon and Miss Allen. Altogether the excursion was what every excursion ought to be—one of the "begone, dull care" kind.

Decoration Day was as usual observed as a holiday, all the regular college exercises, including the chapel service, being suspended. The day was lovely, too, and the college, with its trim buildings, the cottages on Faculty Row, and the whole Green, in fact, never wore a brighter look. Impressive ceremonies honoring the Nation's dead were observed at Arlington and at the Soldier's Home, and were witnessed by a number of students. On the Green itself, the chief event of the day was the tennis tournament, nearly every club of note in the city being represented in the contest. The Vespers sent in two men, Messrs. Cloud and Adams, and considering the short experience they had, they did as well and better than many of the veterans they encountered, and though they lost every bout, no disgrace whatever attaches to their defeat. The singles between Webb, of the Observatory, and Cloud, were particularly fine, and it reflects credit on the latter that he lost the set by only one game.

The Kendalls were represented by Messrs. Angell and Chickering in both the singles and doubles. They won the prize for the doubles, beating all their opponents, but lost the singles, which were won by Slocum of the Washington Club. Mr. Slocum is a very fine player, having been the champion of his year at Yale, and though he handled his racket with splendid ease, he was still "hard pushed" by both Messrs. Angell and Chickering, and the singles between them

were the features of the tournament. The exhibition was witnessed by a large number of ladies, friends of the participants and of the students.

#### CULLINGS.

Politics are all the go with the students at present, and the chances of the various candidates at the coming Chicago Republican Convention are eagerly discussed by Democrats and Republicans alike. Some one interested in the matter, has canvassed the boys for their preferences, and handed us the following as a result of his inquiries: Blaine, 14; Edmunds, 5; Arthur, 4; Allison, Sherman, Hawley and Gresham, each one. From the above, it appears that if the nomination rested with the students, Elaine would be the next Republican candidate for President.

In our last letter, we said that the base ball game with the Alerts of Georgetown had been postponed to Tuesday of this week, but as the Alerts insisted on the game, and as the Kendalls had filled Angell's place on Second Base by Ward of the Stars, our boys went over to Georgetown on the day first agreed on—Tuesday. They returned neither winners nor losers, but, highly incensed at the treatment, they had received, and sorry they had gone at all. The game was played through only four innings, and promised to be a fine one, if it had not been for that umpire. In the fourth inning, with two men out and two men on the bases, a high ball was sent right over third base and landed out of sight beyond the wall, and though, according to the rules, it should have been declared a foul, the umpire ruled it fair. This was in itself enough to call forth a disclaimer from the Kendalls, but that the umpire should so far transacted his duties as to yell "fair," and then to gesticulate and bawl for the men on the bases to run in, was more than they could stand, and as the man refused to reverse his decision, they pocketed their ball and left the field, vowing they would never return to "that rat-hole," (there was absolutely no right field, and the left was much curtailed by shade trees) again. The umpire took his revenge, however, by declaring the Alerts' winners with a score of 9 to 0, the actual score being 4 to 4. But as he was also manager of the Alerts, and as he fully acted up to the Jesuit motto that "the end justifies the means," it seems that no blame attaches to him in his own eyes and those of his colleagues.

Dr. Gallaudet returned from Warm Springs on Monday night, with his sore arm much improved, though not wholly well.

Maple syrup, genuine maple syrup, appeared on the breakfast table, on Tuesday morning, and the viscerans among us have been speculating what it all can mean. With the bread pudding banished to where it ought to be, the shades of Hades, with pie for dessert on a week day, and a lot of other improvements in our fare, we begin to think we might some day invite the ghost of Epicurus to dine with us. And we also begin to have a slight suspicion that knee trouble which we had some time ago, was neither rheumatism nor "inflammation of the synovial membrane," but—gout.

The last Sunday School concert of the year will take place next Sunday. The Seniors alone will participate, and it will thus become somewhat of a farewell concert.

Dr. Gallaudet will deliver his annual baccalaureate sermon Sunday afternoon next.

Time tables belonging to the different railroads have been placed in the reading room by Mr. Wright, and are being daily studied by those students with whom "Homo, Sweet Home!" is the vacation watchword.

Four of the Sophs and half a dozen young ladies from town, made up a picnic party in Brentwood, on Decoration Day.

Examinations have been fixed for the 13th, 16th and 17th insts. Preparations for the farewell ball, on the evening of the 17th, are going on. HARRY FIELDING.

June 2, '84.

### The Newark Deaf-Mute Association.

The deaf-mutes' association held their regular meeting May 22d, at Clinton Hall. Some routine business was pressed before the opening of the debate. The difficulties of the standing committees were altered to suit the members, and were passed by an unanimous vote.

The debate was rather an exciting one, for the first time in this city since its organization, and resulted in a victory in favor of knowledge over riches.

The society is in need of alms to help the fund to be set apart for the sick and needy of the deaf-mutes of our community. It is the general desire of its members to have honorary members admitted, that a fund may be provided for such an object. It is to be hoped that all the Newark people who take interest in this good work should send their addresses to the secretary, R. T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street. The association has found employment for six of its members. The secretary has opened an employment bureau in Clinton Hall. A motion is now on foot to have the association incorporated by an Act of the Legislature.

Dr. James Ward, of this city, is physician to the association.

The society will meet June 12th, when a lecture will be given, entitled "The French Revolution."

## FANWOOD.

### Honoring Dead Heroes.

### THE TONAWANDAS WHIP THE FANWOODS.

### Dashes In and Out Among our Neighbors.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Decoration Day, being a legal holiday, it was observed in a befitting manner at Fanwood. At nine o'clock in the morning, the pupils assembled in the chapel where the Principal and teachers gave reminiscences, etc., of the late civil war. A green mound on the platform was decorated with flowers by a number of little girls, clad in appropriate costumes. Anthems and hymns were caroled on graceful fingers, and the memory of our departed heroes eulogized in various ways. After recess, and when Prof. Carrier was concluding his remarks, the mound was seen to rock and Prof. Jones rose, as it were, from the dead. He pretended to have been asleep since the war, and feigned ignorance of what had taken place since then, soon after which the pupils were dismissed for a half holiday.

The event of the day among the male sex was the game of base ball which was to take place between the graduates of the Institution and the "Fanwoods." At half past two, the game commenced, and during the first three innings, it looked as if the home club would have an easy time of it. But in the subsequent innings, aided by bad umpiring and a variety of other circumstances, the graduates slowly but surely crept up until, on the 9th, they amid the tremendous cheers of their adherents from the city, passed the home club. Following is the score:

FANWOODS	TONAWANDAS
Quigg, c..... 2 4	Shelton, s..... 4 3
Lloyd, 2b..... 1 6	Stowell, 1b..... 5 2
Gallagher, c. f. 3 3	Haydon, 2b..... 6 1
Sinclair, 1b..... 4 3	Tillman, 3b..... 3 3
Schmidt, p..... 3 3	Han'win, c..... 3 3
Odeh, 1. f..... 4 2	Donohue, r. f..... 3 2
Glass, 3b..... 4 2	Conlin, 1. f..... 3 4
Weller, r. f..... 5 2	Stidwell, c. f..... 2 4
Jordan, s. a..... 1 1	Ennis, p..... 3 2
Total..... 31 27	Total..... 32 24

Scorer by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.  
FANWOODS..... 1 7 3 4 4 0 2 5 31  
TONAWANDAS..... 0 0 8 3 4 4 1 5 7 32

Umpire, Mr. Grinnon, of New York.  
Scorer, Mr. Capelli, of Fanwood.  
Time of game, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

Whatever may be said against the ruling of the umpire, it cannot be denied that the graduates were, as a whole, as good players as their opponents. They would have undoubtedly rolled up their score to forty runs, as not one of their men had been put out when the game closed on the last inning. Had the "Fanwoods" been the superior club they could easily have won the game, "cheat, or no cheat." As it stands, the "grads" may congratulate themselves upon being the first nine from the city (mute) that ever compelled the Institution to lower her colors.

Upon the conclusion of the game, a bee-line was made for the village, where the victorious team, under the soothing influence of Ehrich's best, recounted the incidents of their recent struggle.

It is said that another game between the same nines will take place in a couple of weeks, and that an umpire that can be depended upon will be chosen.

In the evening, a most enjoyable social reunion took place in the sitting room of the girls, at which many of the graduates were present.

#### FLOATING.

Miss Luann C. Rice left for Port Washington on Friday afternoon, and returned Saturday evening.

Miss Josephine F. Rintoul entertained Brooklyn with her presence on Friday and Saturday.

On June 7th, a debate will come off before the Literary Society, between members of the class of '84. As this will in all probability be their last debate in the chapel, a very interesting occasion is predicted.

The father-in-law and brother of Dr. Carson, spent a few days at the Institution last week.

Misses Georgie Loomis and Caddie B. Felver called a short time ago.

Poet LeClercq and girl visited High Bridge and vicinity on the afternoon of June 1st.

John Ingebrand was confirmed in the Church of the Intercession at 5½ p.m., Sunday last, Bishop Henry Potter officiating. Misses Craig, Holister, Taylor, Wolcott and A. Austin, were in attendance. Dr. Peet interpreted the service for their benefit.

The motto selected by Class '84 is "Onward."

U. G. Dunn lectured on "Punctuality" before the Peet Literary Society on the evening of the 29th ult. An essay on the "Antiquity of Man" was also delivered by A. Capelli.

Charles W. Hathaway, ex-College student, called on Prof. Fox Monday afternoon. He represented himself to be a reporter on the Evening Post.

Misses Decker and Hawkins were seen at St. Ann's Sunday last.

Miss Sarah Jane Butler, late Matron of the Tarrytown Branch, is now in Peekskill, N. Y.

Mr. Schuman, formerly connected with the primary department at Tarrytown, visited friends here on the 3d inst.

The head supervisors are distinguished by wide-brimmed straw hats.

The brother of W. G. Shanks was married at Jersey City Heights yesterday. William made a cake in the wedding cake.

Not a High Class girl will graduate this term.

The boys of Prof. Jones' class defeated a nine composed of hearing youngsters, at a game of ball on Decoration Day.

Three weeks from to-day, vegetation hereabouts will be watered by the scalding tear of sorrow.

Mr. W. S. Crittenden was among the thousand disappointed lookers on who congregated to witness the Ross-Courtney boat race on Decoration Day, and which failed to take place.

Miss Caroline Virginia Hagadorn had a holiday on Monday, and sought the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis.

During the base ball game on Decoration Day, about a hundred of our girls witnessed the struggle from the hill near the Mansion House.

Three relatives of James H. Stratton are sick with measles.

James F. O'Neil was among our numerous visitors on the first of the month. He left his mite in aid of the Peet Memorial Fund.

The beloved daughter of Mrs. Rachel Cook passed the Lord's Day at Fanwood. The young lady was accompanied by her affianced.

Peter and Louis Brede, of Jersey, were up the first of the week.

Mr. J. Edwin Livingston and his estimable wife, of Farmington, N. H., called at the printing office on the morning of Monday last.

Chmp.

#### DEAF-MUTES OF DELAWARE.

A SKETCH OF THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION PROVIDED BY THE NATION'S BOUNTY.

(From the Wilmington, Del., Every Evening Commercial and Gazette, May 22.)

The Columbia Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is located in one of the most charming places in the suburbs of Washington, known as the Kendall Green. It was incorporated in the year 1857 and has since been sustained by Congress as the Institution where government beneficiaries, viz: Deaf and Dumb children of the District of Columbia, and those whose parents are in the army and navy, should receive free education.

Seven years after the school was started, the directors decided to organize a collegiate department. This department bears the name of the National Deaf Mute College.

Indigent deaf mute from the several states are received in the primary department at the expense of the states from which they come. The friends of students in the collegiate department or the students themselves pay their tuition; but the institution is always prepared to assist those who lack means. This college has produced forty-five teachers, three editors and publishers of newspapers, three journalists, one of the most distinguished patent lawyers and two assistant professors in the Faculty of their Alma Mater. Seven have entered the civil service of the government, while the others have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits, in which the advantage of thorough mental training will give them a superiority over those not so well educated.

The first student from Delaware entered the collegiate department in the year 1873, and was followed in 1875 by two children who were placed in the primary department. The number has increased each succeeding year. There are at present, in attendance, 13 pupils from Delaware—10 boys and three girls. They are as happy and contented children as can be found anywhere. Most of them are bright, promising scholars. Some are among the very best in the institution. One has been promoted to the preparatory class in the college, and he intends to remain only one year, and then learn the art of printing.

The last examination of these pupils was most satisfactory and showed decided improvement.

The branches taught in the primary department are reading, spelling, writing, articulation and lip-reading, grammar, arithmetic, history, geography, elements of natural philosophy and drawing. The older boys are taught cabinet making and carpentering.

Senator Bayard is a member of the board of directors, and has, during the whole period of his connection with the institution, manifested unabated interest in the welfare of the school.

The deaf people of Delaware feel and will in time manifest their gratitude for the advantages afforded to them by which their lives become brighter and happier, at the same time that they are growing into good men and women, and useful and worthy citizens.

Parents who have children in the Institution can depend upon their children receiving the best of care and attention. The generosity of Congress towards the school has been unstinted, therefore the directors of the school are enabled to provide everything essential for the proper management of a school of this kind. We would urge those parents who have deaf children to place them at school. To refuse or neglect the means of opening up the mind of one of these little ones, is what no Christian parents can afford to do.

THEODORE A. KISEL.

## RHODE ISLAND.

### The Providence Society.

### A Very Successful Meeting.

#### HERE AND THERE ABOUT TOWN.

The Providence Deaf-Mute Society held its business meeting in their rooms on Saturday evening, May 24th, with Oscar Kinsman in the chair. A little after eight o'clock, there were seventeen mutes by actual count—three ladies and fourteen gentlemen. About ten others preferred to remain out. It was an excellent meeting, however, and much earnestness and interest was exhibited. It really seemed that the mutes present were seeking an opportunity to show, in this way, their appreciation of the success of the society. After calling the meeting to order, the talented chairman began by saying that he was glad to see such a gathering of intelligent-looking mutes and cheerful faces, indicative of happiness and prosperity. He had called the meeting to see whether or not they would vote for the continuance of the society. He then dwelt at length upon the work done by the committee during the past year. Before the formation of the society was effected, several mutes had to meet in corners, or elsewhere to talk or debate. The necessity of having a room for their own use was soon felt, and at last the society was formed, and a hall secured. He showed it had borne good results. He stated that the mutes were greatly benefited by the Bay State Mission for their spiritual welfare. He concluded by saying that he hoped that the mutes would vote not only for its continuance, but also that they should not sit idly on a fence, and watch a horse draw an overloaded wagon up hill. They should push the wagon. They should deem it their duty to work with all their heart and soul for the success of the society. He was loudly applauded.

Secretary Charles H. Steere then mounted the platform. He reported that forty-four sermons had been delivered during the year to be closed next June—C. H. Steere, 33; Packard, 2; Frisbee, 1; Weeks, 1; and Mrs. Follett, 7. There was a total attendance of 410. Nine lectures on Saturday evenings were delivered, and ninety-two mutes was the total number, making in all 502 mutes in attendance. The largest number of mutes at any one service was twenty-four, and the average number, nine. It was a good showing.

Levi A. Lester, Treasurer, was next called. The first thing he said was that his relations with Messrs. Kinsman and Steere had been very pleasant. He gave his report in a very clear manner. His report showed, \$140 had been expended, with a balance on hand of \$70.88. The sum of \$20.19 was made up of small contributions during the year. The report was very encouraging, and showed a healthy condition. He was accorded a vote of thanks. The mutes were much pleased with his true and accurate account of the money received and expended.

John F. Donnelly moved that the initiation fee for membership be one dollar, and fifty cents every month.

Mr. O'Neil, of Phenix, opposed it, thinking \$1 was too much. He argued that fifty cents would be sufficient.

James Dolan also opposed Donnelly's motion.

John F. Donnelly, after a little reflection, took the floor again, and altered his motion. He moved that the membership fee be fifty cents.

Joseph H. Donnelly seconded it, and it was put to a vote. Carried.

John F. Donnelly, ever watchful, saw that the ladies did not vote for it. Wishing them to become members, he moved that the ladies pay ten cents for membership.

Dolan and O'Neil opposed it. Dolan moved that the ladies be required to pay twenty-five cents to become members.

But Donnelly's motion was carried by two majorities.

Now all but two signed their names. They were Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman, Mr. and Mrs. Steere, the two Donnellys, Brown, of East Greenwich, Dolan, Fitch, McElroy, Campbell, O'Neil and Mrs. Follett. The two others, Trainor and Sullivan, had promised to join the society in the near future.

Mr. O'Neil moved that James Dolan be Investigating Committee to examine the books and accounts pertaining thereto, of all persons having or handling any money belonging to the society, and all bills and claims against the society. But the motion was killed, as the members had the utmost confidence in the honesty of the officers.

Messrs. Kinsman, Lester and Steere did so well that the mutes evinced their appreciation of their worth by re-electing them.

Then some minor business was transacted. Adjourned at ten o'clock.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The best meeting ever held.

We will have a constitution and by-laws, in pamphlet form, for distribution.

When Mr. McElroy came into the hall, the mutes swarmed around him, and slapping him on the back, asked him, "how have you been, old boy?" He was out of Providence for two

weeks. He is a very intelligent semi-mute, and is well liked.

There was some talk that Mr. Lester would make a splendid Treasurer of the New England Gallaudet Association.

The ladies were elated about the membership fee of ten cents. One of them said she would contribute liberally, were she rich. She has a large family to attend to. "Charity begins at home," etc., you know.

It was regretted that there were no young ladies, we mean single ones. It was reported that there are more ladies than gentlemen in Newark, N. J.

#### ITEMS OF GOSSIP.

Mrs. Clara Roberts, of New York, will be the guest of Mrs. Follett next summer, it is reported.

Francois Duprez and his new bride arrived in Woonsocket, last Saturday. Among the numerous visitors on Sunday were three mutes, J. F. and J. H. Donnelly, and H. D. Stillman.

The young lady is very intelligent and pretty. She talks French, and does not understand English, though she can talk by signs as well as any one.

Mrs. Follett will have seven summer boarders. One of them is a lawyer, well-known in Providence.

Henry D. Stillman is counting hours and days before he will come.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman left for Hartford, to see their relatives, on May 30th. They will be back Monday next.

Michael McMahon, formerly of Montreal, but now of Worcester, Miller and Collins, came to Providence to see a game between the Providence and Philadelphia.

John F. and J. H. Donnelly, and Mr. Joseph O'Neal were in town on Memorial Day.

Mrs. W. A. Jackson will visit her dear parents in New York city next week. She will bring her child with her. She will return to attend the convention in Providence.

Michael McMahon, who worked in New York city last winter, is now working in a cigar factory in Worcester, Mass.

"Woonsocket Boy" desires to say that while he may be mistaken about the name of Belanger, he was sure an appeal was made for the Montreal school, and many hearers responded.

Some of the friends did give some money in response to the appeal. Besides this, he was called to see the priest at noon, as the latter was obliged to take the 1 o'clock train for Canada, but he could not. If Rev. Alfred Belanger was not the person referred to, as he emphatically denied, it would be well for him to write to Rev. Father Danray, of the church of the Precious Blood, to find out the real facts. There must be something wrong. We do not know if he is related to Belanger, of a French-Canadian paper in this town. Near here live three mutes, who were educated at Rev. Belanger's school.

On the afternoon of May 30th, Levi A. Lester and child, Maud, and John F. and Joseph H. Donnelly, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jackson in Attleboro, Mass. They had also the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Jackson, an elderly mute lady, formerly of Maine, and her very charming daughter Ella. The visitors were entertained splendidly. The host kept them in the best of humor by his witticisms.

His fascinating wife laughed, which fact shows that they live happily. Their four months old daughter was one of the sweetest ever seen. It was very small. The visitors partook of an excellent dinner prepared by Mrs. Jackson. Her heart was very great, they being invited again to supper.

The guests gained a pound or more in weight, thanks to Mrs. W. A. Jackson. The house in which they live is sweet and pleasantly situated. An inspection of the rooms showed that they were arranged very neatly and attractively. Ella Jackson, not related in any way to the happy couple, is a constant visitor to the house. She talks by signs as easily as any one, though she speaks and hears. Attleboro has many fancy houses, and its chief and almost only industry is jewelry.

John Hahn's fingers were badly cut, while at work at the Marble Works last week.

Some one whispered to me—not in my ear, but behind hands, that there will be a wedding between now and the picnic where a young mute gentleman of this city, and a pretty young lady living not very far from the city, will be the principals. I think it is very prudent to give names when it actually takes place.

Geo. Duffie, a young man educated at the Danville School, is learning the printing trade at the Block Printing and Publishing Co., where "Mercury" picks metal. This said house, which had been located on Elm Street for several years past, has been moved down on Plum Street, near Third, to a large house with numerous rooms, which was once St. Luke's Hospital—some one alleges—is fast becoming a regular infirmary, as three deaf and dumb, one deaf, one dumb, one man with a blind eye, three or four near-sighted, one far-sighted, and one with a wooden leg, are working.

Dude John Hahn was wrathfully lately at the Society meeting. While attending to his duties as Sergeant-at-arms, he placed his new fine hat on a table at the farthest end of the room near the entrance, and some mean thief, (not a mute) slyly exchanged his old hat for John's, and silently stole away. This was not discovered till the meeting was over, and John put on the old hat and bought another new hat, and last Saturday he engaged a policeman to watch his hat.

John F. Schutte, living in Oakland, a suburb of Cincinnati, invited many of his friends to go and partake of a fine dinner last Sunday. Some ten mutes went there.

Alexander Guard, father of Miss Mary Guard, of Elizabethtown, Ohio, died of consumption last week, and was buried near his former residence.

Sam Clinkenbeard, a six footer from Old Kentucky, has been sojourning in this city for several weeks. He had a falling out with his folks at home, and came to this city to live provided he could get work. I have not yet heard of his success in getting a job.

A speaking brother of Max and Miss Morgenthau was married last Wednesday, and the wedding was a very brilliant affair.

5-24-84.

## CINCINNATI.

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Lecture

### THE COMING PICNIC.

### Dr. DeMotte's Two Sermons.

### OTHER ITEMS.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

The Rev. A. W. Mann filled his appointment at this place on Sunday, May 11th, and delivered a good and interesting sermon to a large audience, and in this lecture he argued his listeners to come into the folds of the Church at once, and lead a Christian life.

On Saturday evening, May 17th, Dr. William H. DeMotte, who once was at the head of the Deaf-Mute Institution of Wisconsin, and at present principal of an Academy for speaking children at Xenia, Ohio, put in his appearance at the Society's Hall on the invitation of the Society. He then delivered an address, which was rather moral than otherwise, and highly enjoyed by the members. On the following day, at two o'clock, he conducted religious services at the Young



